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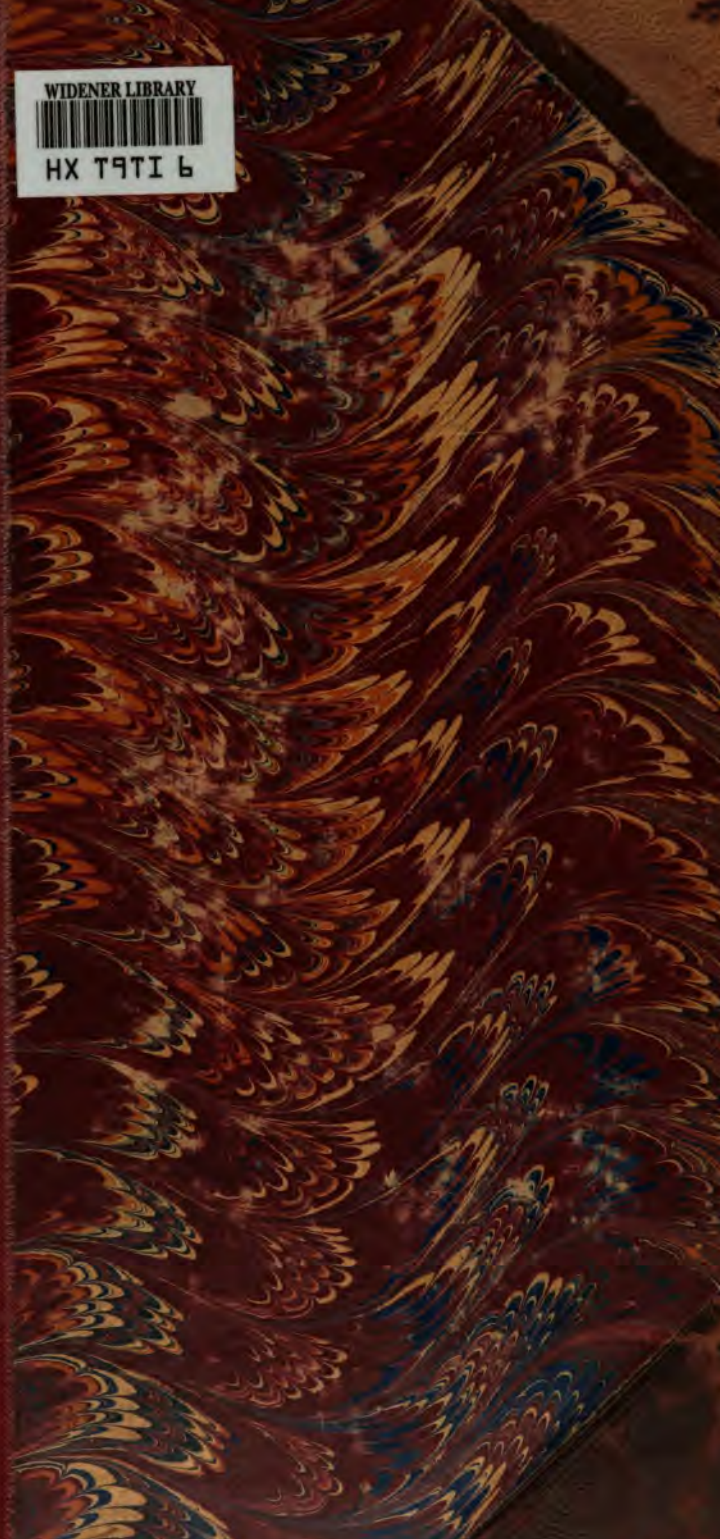
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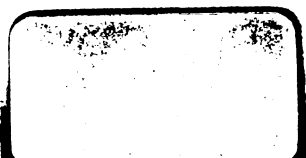
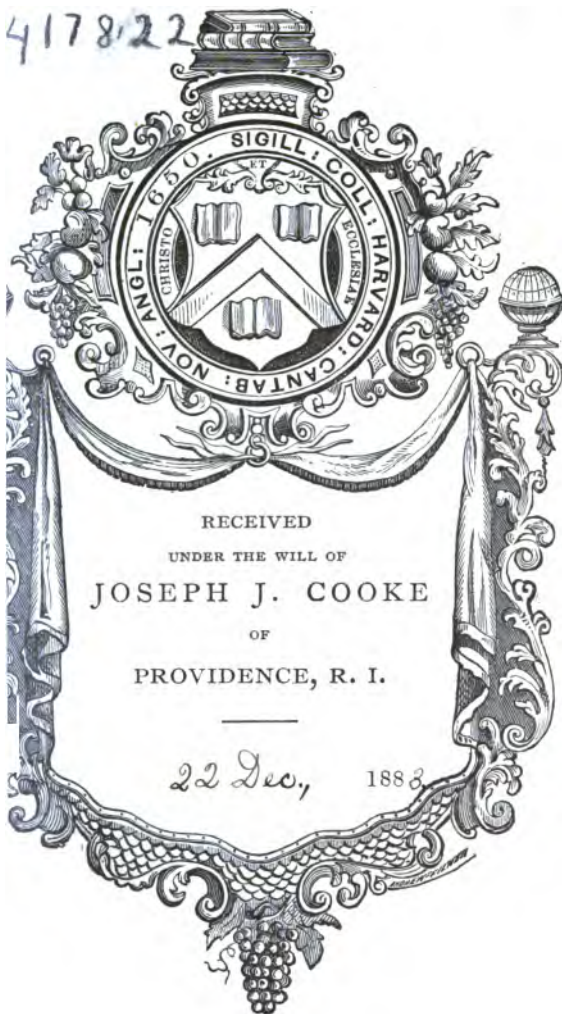


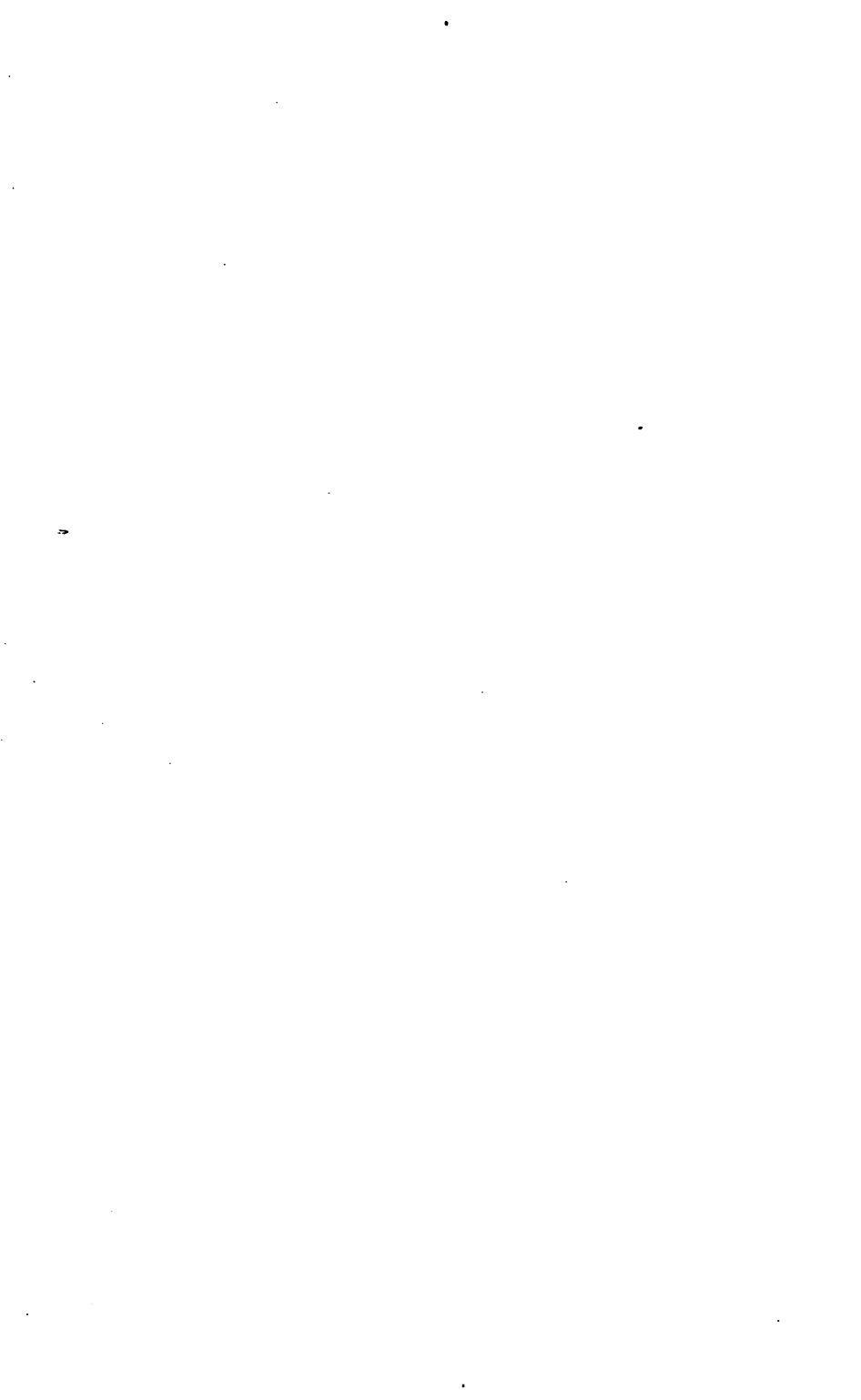
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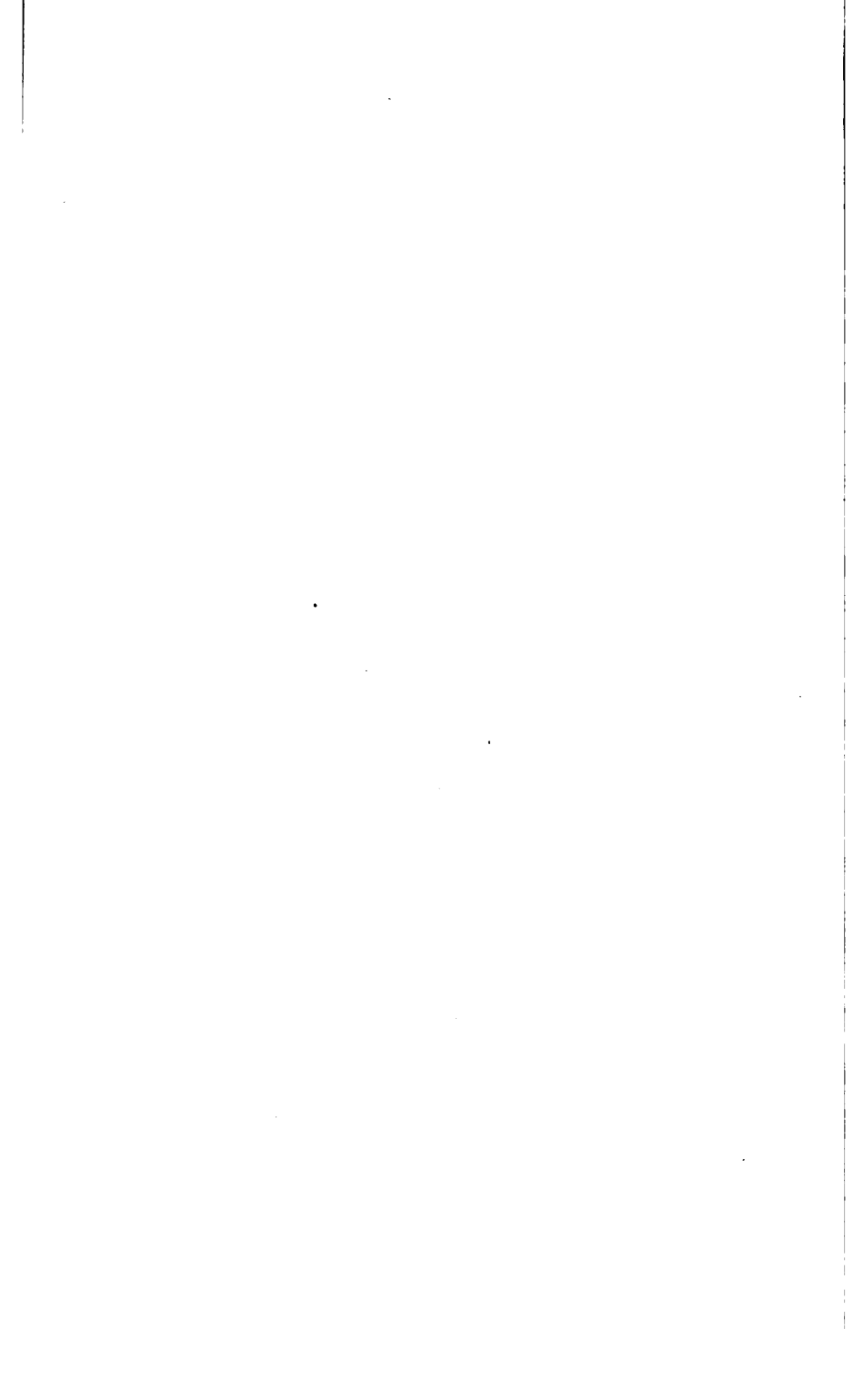


2 Entries

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AN ANSWER

TO THE

Greatest Falsehood ever told

BY A

PROVIDENCE LAWYER.

Alias "DEMENS EGOMET."

Published as a Warning

TO ALL

NOTORIOUS LIARS.

Safe from the *bar*, the *pulpit*, and the *throne*,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by *ridicule alone*.—POPE.

Answer a fool according to his folly.—SOLOMON.

Woe unto you *lawyers*.—BIBLE.

NEW-ENGLAND:

PRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A SCURRILOUS pamphlet, entitled "The Greatest Sermon that ever was preached;" has just been issued from the press in Providence. It is intended to ridicule the labors of Mr. Maffit in that town, and is well known to have proceeded from the pen of a notorious infidel lawyer. The following pages are written with a view to expose the author of the aforesaid pamphlet to merited contempt, and not to vindicate the character of Mr. Maffit: He is far beyond the reach of such puny attempts to sully his good name, and destroy his usefulness.

AN ANSWER, &c.

TO "DEMENS EGOMET."

SIR—It would perhaps be difficult to determine, whether it were most proper to address you in the language of sarcastic ridicule, or serious reproof; but we feel well assured, that he who can deliberately trifle with sacred things, will pay little heed to the voice of admonition—while the shafts of ridicule *may* cause him, if he is not totally callous to a sense of decency, to writhe under the "compunctious visitings" of conscience.

It often happens that the advocates of infidelity miss their object by displaying an intemperate zeal, far beyond their knowledge. This, sir, appears to be the case with you. Like Hudibras' gun, which

"Though well aim'd at duck or plover,
"Bore wide and kick'd its owner over,"

your attempt to destroy the reputation of Mr. Maffit, has recoiled upon yourself. Having intrenched yourself behind the masked battery of a fictitious name, you thought you were perfectly secure: But the lion's skin will not conceal the long ears of the ass.

Your attempt to burlesque the style and manner of Mr. Maffit, is as puerile as the effort of the frog to swell herself to the size of the ox—and like the last word of the text you have chosen as a basis for your splenetic ebullition, amounts to "nothing."

You will perhaps ask, what right we have to address you in this manner. We answer, the right which every

lowest man has to caution the community against the malignancy of a slanderer. It might naturally be, that a disciple of Hume or Voltaire, would use every means in his power to deprecate the labors of an able and successful advocate of the doctrines of christianity, especially when he saw so many flocking to witness his powerful eloquence.

It is said, sir, that you are a man whose talents are above the scale of mediocrity; if so, there is a lamentable falling off in the performance before us—What! a man who is so highly gifted, one who has an extensive acquaintance with the sciences, whose knowledge of the law is so profound, and whose standing in society is, or ought to be, of the first respectability—and forth to the world, from that chest, which ought to be the store of labors for the benefit of mankind, such miserable trash? Can such a man prostitute his powerful pen to the base purpose of smothering the works of other men of genius, whose opinions happen to differ from his own? Or rather, because they happen to have religion, and he has not? Oh sir, Mr. Egmont, this is to be expected from a man like you?—That whose eloquence at the bar has so often astonished and delighted your auditory, when you have exposed the crimes of the injured, and reprobated a glaring language, in a thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

“Thou art a man—thy tongue is the plumed archer’s tears!”

Is this to be expected from you, who live about forty miles from the city of London, that “literary emporium of the western world”—from you, who have “explored the wonderful resources of ‘logical erudition’” and have made the law-books ever promulgated since the time of Solomon, your own?”

“O ye that are in the land, ye that are in the land, ye that are in the land,”

“Ye that are in the land, ye that are in the land,”

“Ye that are in the land, ye that are in the land,”

But sir, you are not the first, lamentable as is the fact, who have prostituted talents of the first order, to the basest of purposes. Your great prototypes, Hume, Voltaire, Paine, and others, are remembered only with emotions of pity and disgust, when had they rightly improved the extraordinary powers with which they were endued, their memory would have been revered to the latest posterity.

We do not know precisely the state of society in Providence, but have no doubt the morals of the community are as correct as they are in general, in populous towns. If so, we should not be surprised to hear that you had become an object

“ For scorn
“ To point her slow, unmoving finger at.”

Allow us to ask you, sir, to what cause we are to attribute your inveterate enmity to the Rev. Gentleman whom you have so *un-gentlemanly* assailed? Do you oppose him from principle, believing that the doctrines he promulgates are “ damnable heresies,” and that it is your bounden duty to endeavor to prevent, as far as in you lies, their dissemination? Or were you fearful that as he came on a mission of peace and good will, many old disputes among your neighbors and clients would be healed, and still more new ones prevented, and that the quantum of your fees would rapidly decrease?—Sir, it is not for us to determine your motives; it is enough to know what would be their effect were they to go into full operation. The pillars of society would be laid prostrate—the altars of pure and undefiled religion would crumble into dust—the proud temple of our civil liberty, reared by the labor of sages, and cemented with the blood of heroes, would be levelled to the earth—and the desolating whirlwind of anarchy, more fatal than the blasting siroc of the desert, would sweep away the last remains of virtue and knowledge.

“ Then would the land the last sad horrors feel,
 Of cruel deeds and visionary zeal ;
 Then dark assassins raise the avenging rod,
 And murder Virtue in the name of God.”

But we treat the subject in too serious a light. There is no danger, sir, of these horrors being realised, so long as the religion which you condemn shall hold its peaceful and increasing sway in our country—and while it can number among its heralds such men as Maffit, and hundreds of others whom we could name, the ill-directed sneers and scoffs of infidelity will accelerate, rather than retard its progress.

Had you an idea, sir, that your pamphlet would have a most powerful effect on the minds of the public, and induce them to quit their ancient faith, and come over to yours ? I should not be at all surprised were you to set on foot a subscription for the purpose of building a temple to be dedicated to Belial, where you and your followers might worship, and where *you* should officiate as GRAND HIGH PRIEST. Let us suppose such a temple to be erected in some gloomy cell, where nature never wore a smile, and where a sunbeam never penetrated the dark and cheerless recess. Emblems of all the worst passions of human nature are scattered over the exterior of its massive walls. The hour for sacrifice arrives—the portals opens, and the votaries approach the blood-stain'd shrine—the officiating priest commences the accursed rites, and calls on the crowd to present their offerings—they rush forward to the altar to participate in the ceremonies, and to swear eternal enmity to virtue. Their zeal is applauded by the priest, and he bids them depart with a commission to scatter “ fire-brands, arrows and death” among mankind. Would such a scene as this, sir, be congenial with your feelings ? Or rather would you not prefer to worship in a temple where these horrors are unknown, and where all is peace, and love, and joy ?

Perhaps you will say, that we are the followers of Mr Maffit, and wish to display our zeal in his behalf.—But we assure you, sir, that we are not. We feel no oth-

er interest for him than all should feel for a man whose sole object appears to be to do all the good in his power. Although of a different denomination, we cannot tamely look on, and see his good name slandered, and his labors of love undervalued. We have witnessed the good effects of his ministrations, in reclaiming the dissolute, and pointing the trembling penitent to that source of goodness and mercy which is alike open to all, and of a hope in which the proudest and the best of mankind have no cause to be ashamed.—Sir, we ask you to pause and reflect on what you have done. You have, perhaps, wounded the feelings of thousands of Christians, who never did you injury, and who would gladly embrace an opportunity to do you good. You may ask us, why we thus warmly espouse the cause of one from whom we differ in some minor points respecting religious tenets. We will candidly answer you, We “venerate the man,” for we believe that he is “honest in the sacred cause” which he has so ardently espoused.

“To such we tender more than mere respect.”

Perhaps, sir, you might have been encouraged in your slander of Mr. Maffit by the example of certain editors, who have selected him as an object on whom to pour their torrents of malignity. But be assured, sir, that those editors are looked upon in the light of slanderers, whose favorite design is

“To blast the excellence they cannot reach.”

When they assail the characters of men every way their superiors, they are like the viper gnawing the file; their calumny, if it has any force for a while, soon becomes harmless, the gold which has been often tried in the crucible, continues to increase in purity till not a particle of dross remains. If you wish yourself enrolled in the ranks of these disturbers of the peace of society, why then, sir, we will submit to you the following couplet, and leave you to make the application.

"Bark at the Moon, ye deadly dogs of night;
 "She neither heeds your howl nor shines less bright."

You have probably read of the monastery of La Trappe, the monks of which order imposed on themselves a vow of perpetual silence, slept in their coffins, and employed a certain portion of every day in digging with their finger nails their own graves. Would such a penance as this be too severe for the wanton slanderer of another's reputation. Let your own conscience answer the question, and then

"To supper with what appetite you may!"

There are doubtless many who will pretend to applaud your efforts in the cause of infidelity against their better judgment, because, say they, it will yield some sport—the Methodists are a stiff sanctified set, and they and their preachers ought to be ridiculed. But, sir, this must be a poor source of consolation to you. Whatever may be the peculiarities of any religious sect, it is certainly wrong to make them the subject of ridicule.

Before we dismiss the subject, let us call your attention to the last paragraph of your pretended sermon.—The cloven foot is there plainly apparent. You attempt to ridicule "christian union, friendship and communion;" and to use your own words, "this is the point at which you have aimed." But, sir, you need not have cloaked obscenity and profanity in "ambiguous givings out." Review the latter clause of that paragraph, and if you are not lost to all sense of decency, you will hide your head for "very shame."

And now, sir, let us recommend to you, if you have one drop of "the milk of human kindness" in your composition, to sit calmly down, and review your pamphlet, and then say whether you have done as you would have others do unto you.

Can you, when you retire to rest, repose your head upon your pillow, with the sweet consciousness that you are one of those,

" Who never did a slander forge;
 His neighbor's fame to wound;
 Or listen to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round."

If you still persist in the course you have pursued, in regard to the subject of this short address,—if you are still determined on being a "foe to goodness," we would recommend the following lines as suitable for your epitaph, whenever it shall please Heaven to remove you from this scene of your deleterious labors in the service of his Satanic Majesty. We think it a very appropriate inscription for

A SLANDERER'S TOMB.

Deep in the dreary forest-gloom,
 Where not a flower is seen to bloom,
 And where a poison'd streamlet laves
 The bank where deadly nightshade waves,
 Is seen the slanderer's lonely tomb.

The boding owl, hov'ring round,
 Sends forth her screech of fearful sound,
 The black-wing'd raven lingers there,
 And blasting dews pollute the air
 And fall upon the unhallow'd mound.

For him who sleeps in that lone bed,
 No tear of fond regret is shed;
 No kindred dear his fate bemoan,
 Or raise the consecrated stone,
 With pious hand above his head.

Alike to Heaven and man a foe,
 His only joy on earth to know,
 Was, to destroy his neighbor's fame,
 To blight the fairest, brightest name,
 And aim at Virtue's breast a blow.

On his dark-brow scowl'd envy dire,
 His eye-balls flash'd a baleful fire;
 Whilst Malice, and envenom'd Hate,
 Dwelt in his heart in sullen state,
 And swell'd it with an hellish ire.

Indignant saw the Almighty Power
 The wretch fall wees around him shower ;
 The bolt of Heaven in thunder sped,
 And struck the prowling monster dead,
 That he should curse the world no more.

And now in dreary forest-gloom,
 Where not a flower is seen to bloom,
 And where a poison'd streamlet laves
 The bank where deadly nightshade waves,
 Is seen the hateful slanderer's Tomb.

"POETICAL EFFUSIONS."

Appended to the "Greatest Sermon," is a poetical, or, we should rather say prose-run-mad address to Mr. Maffitt, signed "Jonathan." We cannot be expected to equal the sublime conceits of brother Jonathan, but in return for the labor his splendid effusion must have cost him, we humbly offer the following, hoping it will partly discharge the debt of gratitude we owe for the pleasure we received on perusing his elegant morceau.

Dearest Jocky, sing again,
 How delightful is your strain ;
 Fitting saw, or screech-owl's yell,
 Never sounded half so well.

Let not thy hurdy-gurdy slumber,
 Strike again its boldest number,
 Thou wilt set the cats to prancing,
 And the little dogs to dancing.

Orpheus, compar'd with thee,
 Was nothing but a *bumble-bee* ;
 O, how sweetly flow thy *verses*,
 Sweet as Surinam molasses.

Sure as any thing in nature,
 You must be a darn'd cute creature ;
 Where'd you pick up all your knowledge ?
 Sartin you have been to college.

o come you to know that "*bogs*"
 ould rhyme so prettily with "*frags* ?"

And how much greater is the "wonder,"
That you make poetry with "thunder."

But one thing, Jonathan, you lack,
Which I could learn you in a crack ;
I found it out, at school, when reading,—
And that's a little plain good-breeding !

Jonathan's production is followed by an "Impromptu," which a friend of the Author has asked leave to notice by another

IMPROMPTU,

*Addressed to Mr. Demens Egotem, on reading his
pamphlet.*

" 'Tis slander,
" Whose edge is sharper than the sword,
" Whose tongue out-venoms all the worms of Nile."

In every age the sland'rer's name
Is coupled with reproach and shame ;
And he who seeks to speak a tale
Of falsehood, finds his aim to fail.

For Truth would soon her aid impart,
To show the blackness of his heart ;
The injur'd free from every stain,
And throw the falsehood back again.

But you have found a novel path
To shew your spleen, and vent your wrath ;
You strike the blow, to gain your end,
Against the man whom all commend.

Go on—the more that you defame,
The brighter shines the virtuous name ;
Go on—thou fractious, snarling elf,
You injure no one—but YOURSELF !

POSTSCRIPT.

Just as the Printer was preparing the last pages of this pamphlet for the press, the following article was handed to the author, with a request, if not too late, that it might be inserted as a Postscript. As there was sufficient room, we had no objection, and as the writer left it without a title, we shall take the liberty to call it

ADVICE TO A MEDDLER.

"Mind your business," is an old maxim, and a very good one.

Never quit your own occupation to waste time in endeavouring to spy out the faults of others, for you will find it a very unprofitable employment, especially if they are persons whose characters are above reproach.

Never slander the character and talents of those who are your superiors in both—for the public will not believe you, and you will only have your labor for your pains.

Always bear in mind the answer of a sage old gentleman, who, when asked by an impertinent young lawyer to define what *honesty* was, replied, "What's that to you? meddle with things that concern you."

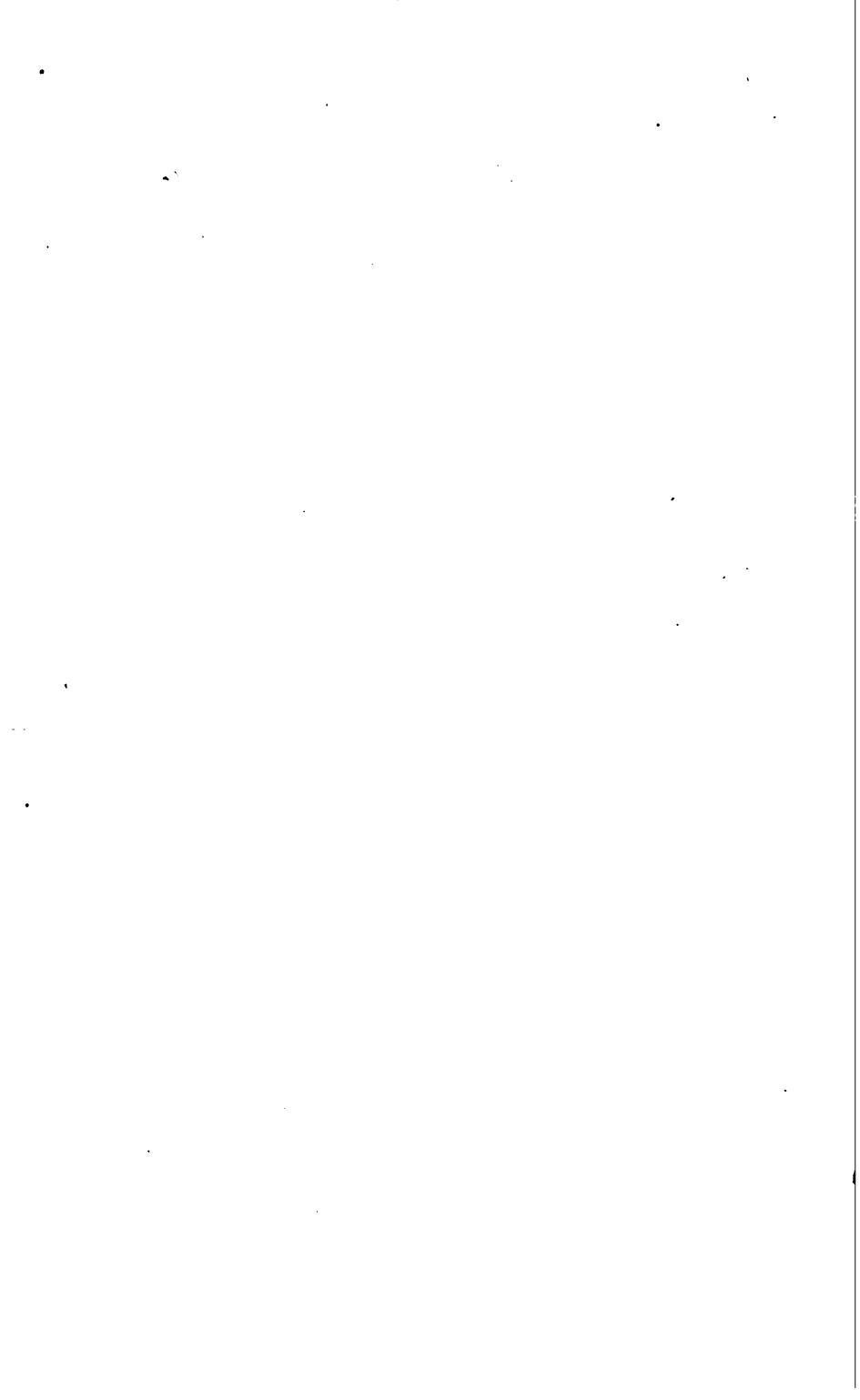
Never pretend to dictate to others when you are sensible they know their own business better than you do.

Never circulate tales of scandal at second-hand, when you know them to be without foundation.

Always recollect that a meddler is sure to get the ill will of those he injures, and the contempt of those whom he does not.

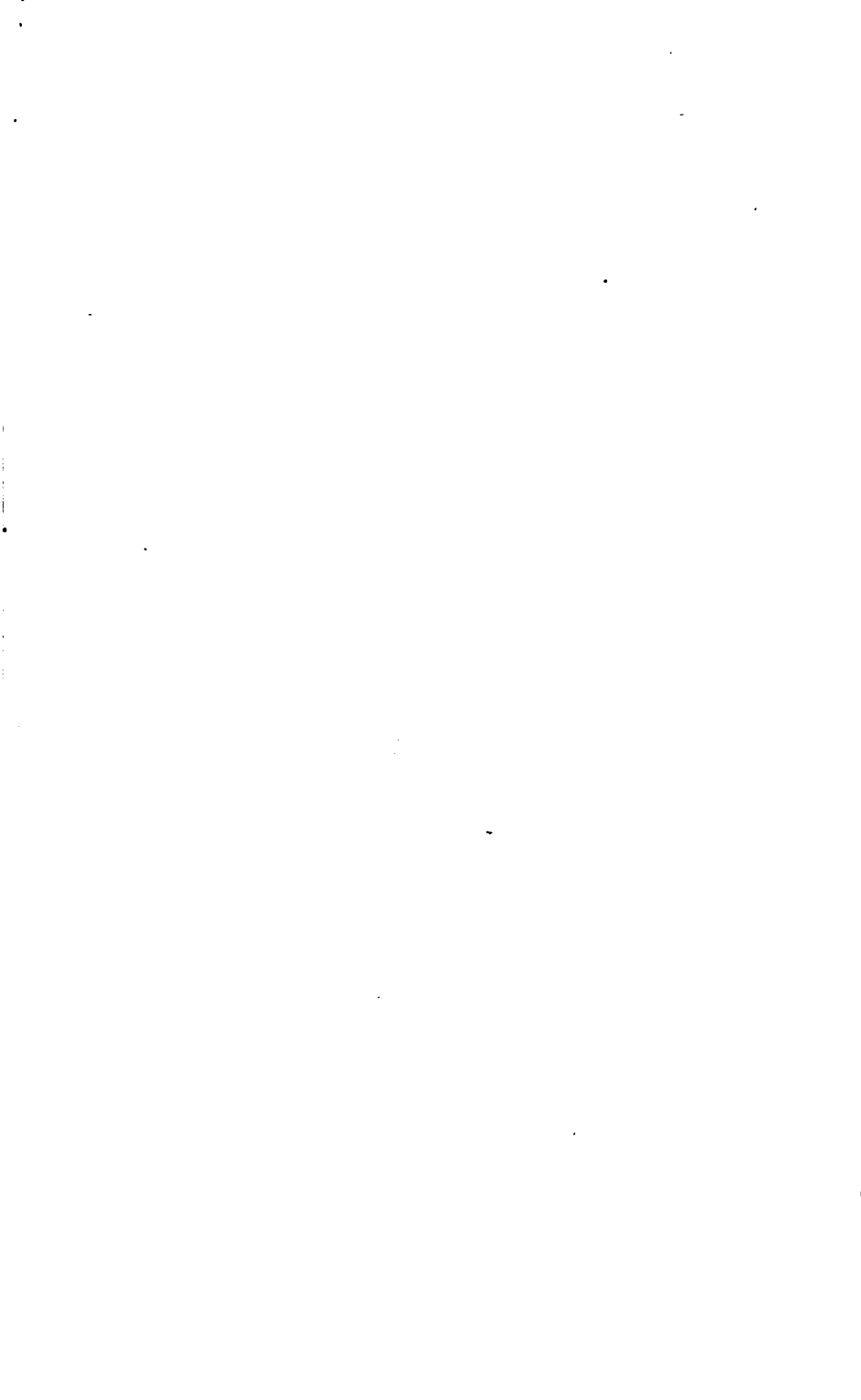
The meddler is a character whom every body suspects—who is always in the fire of contention, or on the tenter-hooks of suspense—and when he cannot torment others, gratifies his restless disposition by tormenting himself.



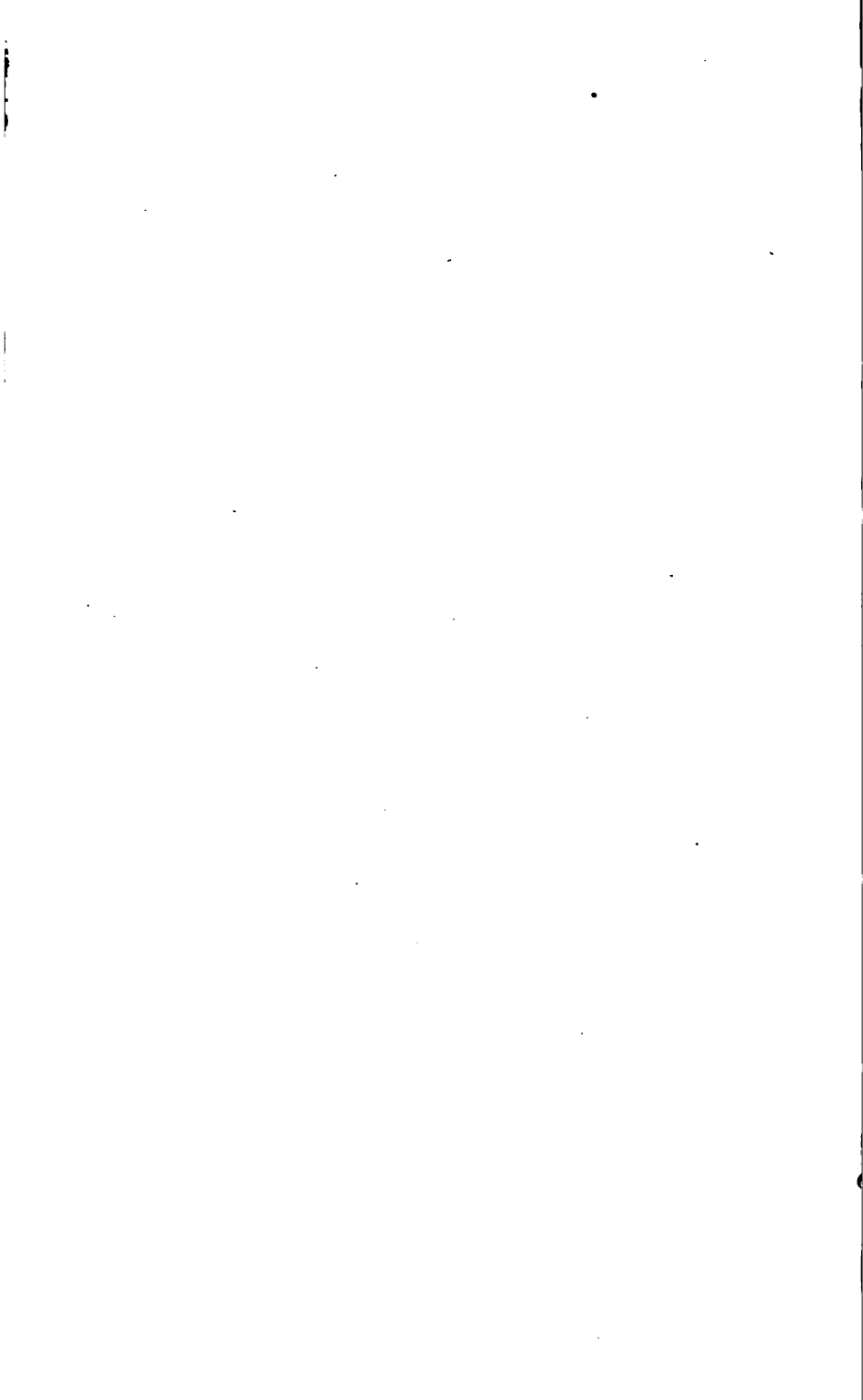






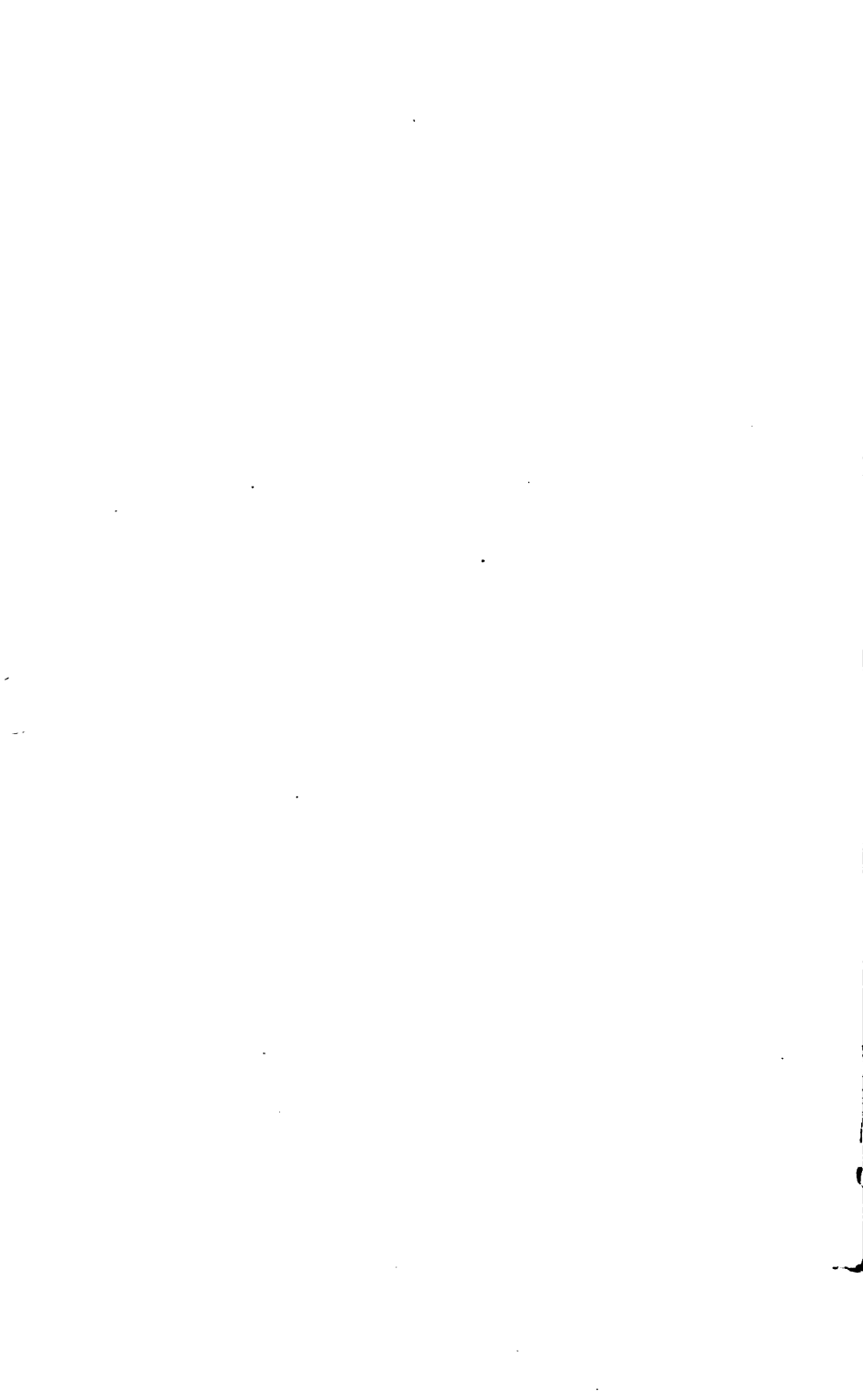


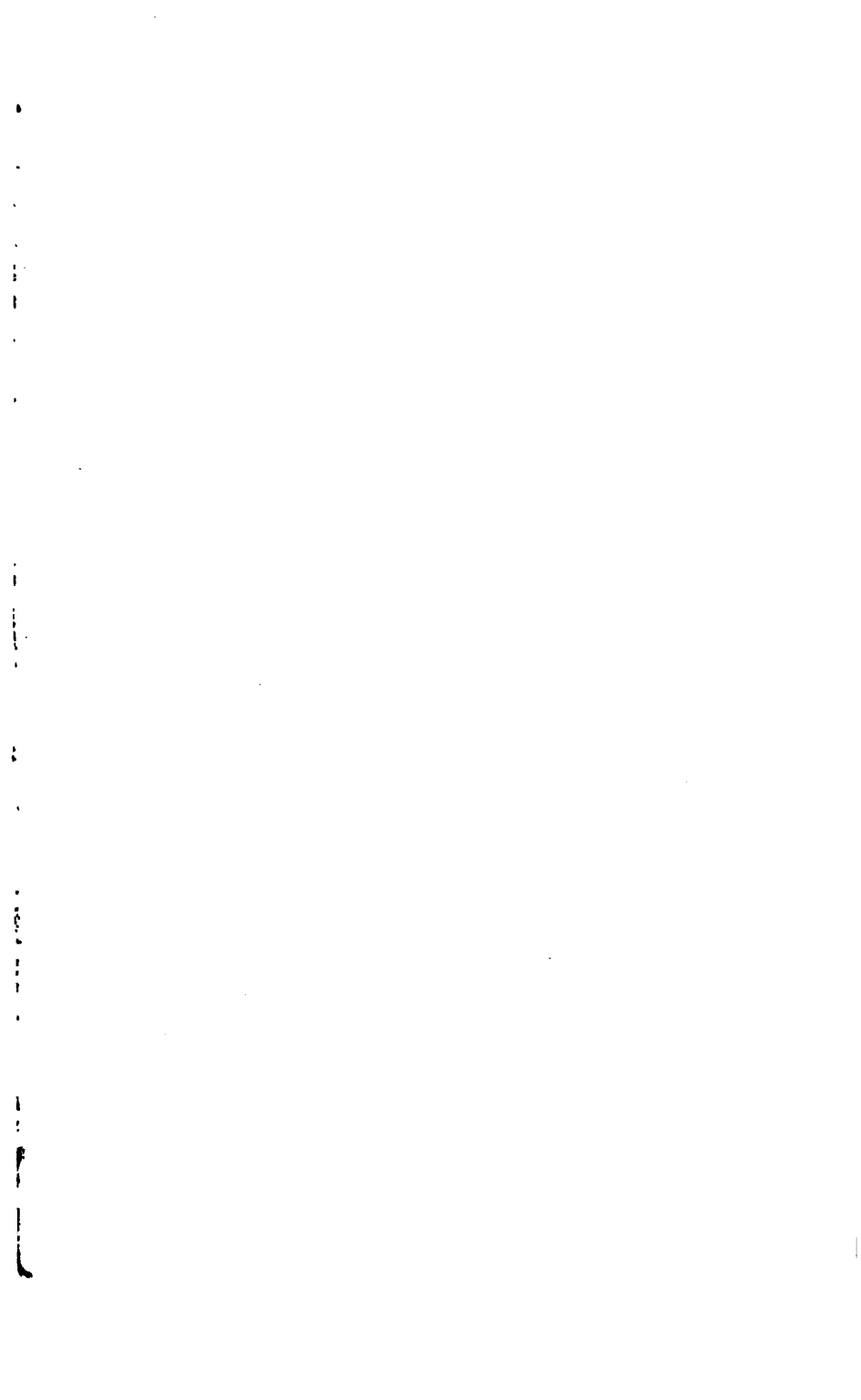


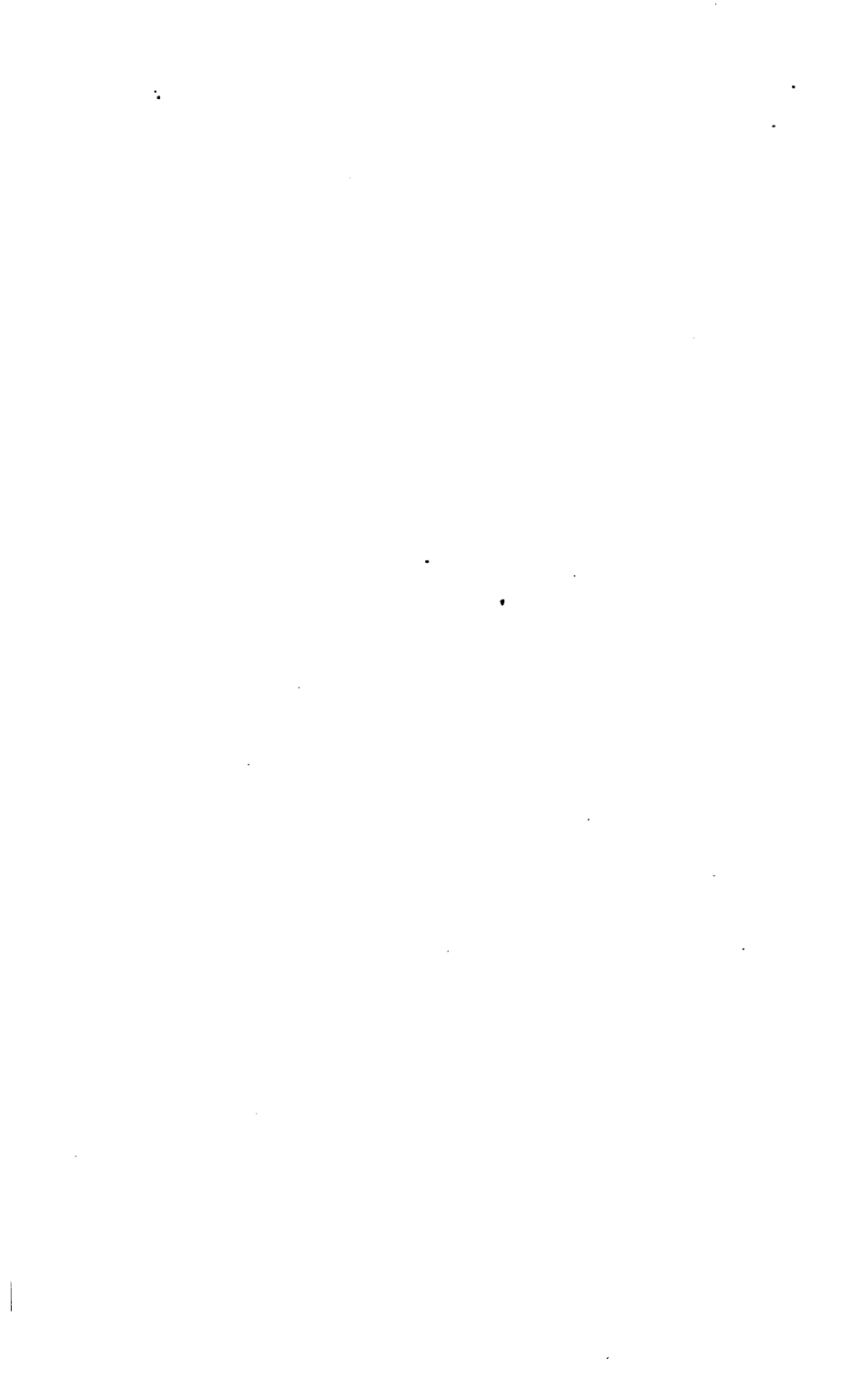












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